

# Harry Visits Hermione's House

by Heather Goldbug

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Summary: I got 6 chapters. Nyahahahah! I'm psycho.

## 1. A Clean Visit

\*\*A/N: I know I'm weird. This isn't my first story, I'm just weird.

> <br> Hermione woke up. Today was the day all students decide whether they'll be going home for the holidays or staying at Hogwarts. Hermione really didn't want to stay at Hogwarts, though she didn't know why. She also didn't want to leave Harry. It was too much to think about for someone who just woke up, so she rolled over and went back to sleep.

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Hermione woke up for the 2nd time that day. She tossed Crookshanks off her bed and put on some clothes, then walked out into the common room, carrying Crookshanks. Harry and Ron were discussing exactly what was on her mind, whether they would stay at home for the holidays or not. Ron promised that he wouldn't leave Harry, even though the rest of his family was going home for some odd surprise their mother wanted to show them. Hermione thought about telling them she was going home for the holidays, but decided against it.

> <br> "Crookshanks wants tuna for Christmas" She said instead.

> <br> "You're buying your PET a present?!?!" Ron asked rather loudly, making Crookshanks jump out of Hermione's arms.

> <br> "You scared him! Poor Crooky-crooky...c'mere, you cutie pie! C'mere!"

> <br> "She's gone mad." Harry whispered to Ron. Actually, in a way, this was true. She was head-over-heels for Harry. Harry didn't know this, though.

> <br> Suddenly Hermione had a brilliant idea. She was figuring out just how to word it when Crookshanks started chasing Neville's toad. After she was thoroughly tired out from chasing Crookshanks, she

voiced what she had been thinking earlier. "Harry, would you like to come to my house for Christmas? My parents won't mind. Then Ron could go home with his family."

> <br> Harry thought this idea was perfect, since Ron would be allowed to be with his family. He nodded vaguely to show how wonderful he thought the idea was. Hermione twitched her nose as if she thought he wasn't serious.

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"Goodbye, Ron!" Harry said.

> <br> "Bye, see you later!" Added Hermione.

> <br> "See you both soon!" Ron replied.

> And they were off. <br>

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> "Harry?"<br>

> "Yeah?" Said Harry, while dusting off a shelf.<br>

> "Do you have to clean my room? I mean, I know it's messy, but I'd like to talk to you. Have some fun, you know?"<br>

> "We can talk. I can talk while cleaning."<br>

> Hermione sighed. She watched Harry clean for a while longer, then she started playing with her muggle things. She put on some music, which, to Harry, was very strange music (Dudley never listened to this stuff! Dudley only listened to rap). To Hermione, it was her favorite CD.<br>

> "Do we have to listen to that?"<br>

> "It's <em>98 degrees</em>, Harry! How could I possibly not listen to it?"

> <br> "Well, you could turn off the CD player for one..."

> <br> "Fine. FINE!" Hermione turned it off and searched for something else to do. She flipped through her CD's, wondering if there were any Harry would like. She popped in a Britney Spears CD, hoping that since it was a girl, he'd like it.

> <br> "NO. I don't like it. Who are all these singers, anyway?"

Hermione showed him the CD case with Britney on it. Harry stared at it for a while before saying anything. He finally said something: "Oh. I guess we can listen to it." Hermione rolled her eyes and left it on, but put away the CD case so he wouldn't stare at Britney anymore (Maybe he'd stare at her instead!). Harry continued to clean. And clean. And clean. And listen to Britney. He finally succeeded in memorizing some of the words so he could sing along, which he did eagerly. Hermione groaned and wondered what else she could do. She spotted her computer.

> <br> This is how their vacation was going, Harry would clean, and Hermione would spend her time on the computer. Hermione had no idea how Harry could find so much to clean. She was also extremely sick of listening to Britney Spears, but Harry insisted on keeping it on. Since she would do nearly anything for Harry, she left it on. Hermione got bored with the computer, and wrote Ron a letter.

> <br> \_Dear Ron,

> How is your vacation? Ours is very boring. All Harry does is clean my house and listen to one of my CD's. All I do is occupy myself with my computer. What was your surprise? I wish we were at Hogwarts. It

would be so much more fun. Please write back soon.<em>  
> <br> \_P.S. I got this owl for an early Christmas present! Isn't he  
cute? His name is Priggle.\_  
> <br> She attached the letter to Priggle, and opened the window and  
told Priggle to deliver it to Ron. She took Crookshanks (who seemed  
to be very fond of her mouse cover, which looked like a mouse) off  
her computer desk and plopped him on the ground.  
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> "I've finished cleaning."<br>  
> "Good. Let's do something fun. Crookshanks, get out of here. You  
smell."<br>  
> "If he smells, maybe I should give him a bath." Harry said, and  
took off with Crookshanks. Hermione sighed and turned off the  
computer, since she couldn't really see her game anyway, her eyes  
were so tired from constantly staring at the screen. She lay on her  
spotless bed, looking up at the ceiling, until Harry got back, some  
time later, covered in scratches, but wearing a happy grin (aside  
from his pants and torn shirt, that is), and carrying a soaking-wet  
Crookshanks. Hermione sighed again.<br>  
> They both lay on Hermione's bed, resting, until Hermione's mother  
called them to dinner. Hermione couldn't believe she hadn't even been  
through an entire day. She had never been so tired from playing  
computer games.<br>  
> After eating their dinner of pumpkin bread, turkey, and cookies,  
Hermione and Harry returned to Hermione's room.<br>  
> "Harry, where y'gonna sleep tonight?"<br>  
> "Dunno. Have a spare bed?"<br>  
> "No."<br>  
> "Well, then I'm sleeping on the floor. That's obvious, I can't  
sleep in the same bed as you!"<br>  
> "I'm sorry. I should have got a bed or something for you before you  
came."<br>  
> "It's ok. It's nothing. At least I'm not at the Dursley's!"<br>

> "K. I feel all better now." They sat in silence after this,  
exhausted. Hermione was exhausted for no apparent reason except  
playing on the computer. Harry was exhausted from cleaning Hermione's  
room, doing her laundry, and washing the cat. And turkey makes people  
sleepy. Harry had never had such good muggle food though, which was  
what he was thinking when something big tumbled in the window.<br>

> "AAAAAAAAAAAAAGH!" Hermione screamed. A familiar face popped up from  
her floor. It had red hair, freckles, and a broken nose. Priggle  
fluttered in and landed on Hermione's bed.<br>  
> "Ron?" Harry said, but it sounded more like he was asking if Ron  
was alive.<br>  
> "Mmmmmph. I'm okay. I think."<br>  
> "Why are you here?! I invited Harry, not you! I thought you were  
staying with your family!" Hermione screeched.<br>  
> "I-I...I heard you had a computer. My dad was interested and asked  
me to visit you and tell him all about computers when I get back.<br>

> "Oh." Hermione turned on the computer for him, and left him to  
figure out how to work it. Harry continued cleaning (he found more  
things to clean), and Hermione decided it was time for a nap. When

she woke up, Harry was still cleaning, and Ron was still on the computer. "It's time to go to sleep!" She announced. It was midnight. How could they still be up? She looked closer at Ron, and discovered he already <em>was</em> asleep. Harry leaned the broom against the wall and curled up on the floor. Hermione covered them both with extra blankets.

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Hermione woke up abruptly. Someone was calling her name. She sat up in bed, then opened her eyes. Harry was dressed in a blue sweatsuit and so was Ron. They were also wearing aprons and carrying spray bottles and rags. "Hermione, don't you want to be on our clean team?" Asked Ron.

> <br> "Oh my gosh, NO! No, no, and NO! I watched Harry clean ALL DAY yesterday, and he is NOT cleaning ANYTHING today. Nothing!"

> <br> "Well, what about Priggles, he could use a bath." Pleaded Harry.

> <br> "WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO? TORTURE MY PETS?"

> <br> "No, no...just a suggestion..."

> <br> "I'm taking a shower. You guys can do what you want while I'm in there, just don't visit me."

> <br> "Okay! Where's your dirty towels?"

> <br> Hermione growled. Then she just left to take her shower and grabbed a clean towel...Harry had probably cleaned it. When she got out, she was feeling much better and refreshed. Her mom called everyone into the kitchen for breakfast. She was very surprised to see Ron, because he hadn't been invited.

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> \*\*\*\*\*To be continued if you like it\*\*\*\*\*<font>\*\*

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## 2. Fanfiction.net

After they ate a great breakfast (Mrs. Granger is a great cook!), They went outside for a change. Harry seemed to have forgotten all about that morning and the day before, because he didn't even think about cleaning anything. The three of them silently sat on a (you know, the couch swing thingies!) swing together, thinking about who knows what. Hermione certainly didn't, all she knew was that she was thinking how nice it was that they were acting normal. She glanced at Harry, trying to read his thoughts.

> <br> "I'm hungry." Ron interrupted Hermione's concentration. "Do you have any snacks? Chocolate frogs or something?"

> <br> "On top of the fridge there's some chips. Help yourself."

Hermione said, annoyed that Ron dared to interrupt her. She went back to trying to read Harry's face. \_Hmm,\_ she thought, \_he looks like he's concentrating too. Maybe...maybe he likes me?\_ She almost squealed with delight, then she remembered he didn't say it, she had only been thinking that.

> <br> "Crisps, anyone? There's...sour cream and onion, and original. Weird..." Ron said as he walked out the door into Hermione's back yard, opening the chips. "Muggles really have some cool food!"

> <br> "Thanks." Harry said, reaching into the bag for some. \_He doesn't care,\_ Hermione thought. \_He only wants food. He doesn't care

about me.\_ She reached into the bag and munched some crisps without thinking that she was doing exactly what she was mad at Harry for doing. "So, Ron, what was your surprise?"

> <br> "Oh yeah!" Ron said excitedly. Hermione couldn't help but visualize him as her cousin's furby, all excited and practically dancing. "It was muggle books! Harry, they are about you! I should have brought one with me. Our whole family is in them! I'm famous, because I'm your best friend! Jim Michealson isn't in them, because he doesn't talk to you much. Neither are most of the other people we go to school with. I wonder how they got so much information about you, Harry? Maybe...Rita Skeeter? No, I don't think so, because in the fourth book, it tells what a dirty, filthy, rotten liar..." Hermione groaned. \_Jim Michealson...the boy that has a crush on me,\_ she thought. \_He is so annoying. Doesn't he realize I like Harry?\_ \_Well, at least the books are about Harry, and not me...I wouldn't want everyone knowing Jim Michealson has a crush on me! \_Crookshanks came outside and jumped on Hermione's lap, purring happily.

> <br> After they got bored with the porch swing, they decided to go back into Hermione's room. Ron, who's eyes popped out every time he saw the computer, suggested that they play on it. Hermione agreed, saying there were probably several things Ron hadn't figured out. She turned it on and showed them a recent addition to her computer fun, which she hadn't got to use much because they signed up for it just before she went back to school. She called it ay-oh-ell, though Ron had no idea what that was supposed to be. She logged on, using her "screen name" as she called it, and Harry saw that it wasn't ay-oh-ell, but AOL. Her computer started talking to her, saying "Welcome" and "You've got mail", and Ron wondered if she had use magic on it to get it to talk. Then he remembered she was underage and wouldn't break the law if her life depended on it. Hermione clicked on a little mailbox in the top left corner. She then opened a peice of her mail. It read

> <em>Hey Hermi! It's Joe! Just wanted to see if you'd figured out how to use this yet! Please reply!<br> \_Hermione sent a reply, explaining that Jow was her uncle who had set the whole thing up. Then she opened another e-mail, and another, until there was only one left. All her e-mails had been from family so far, but she didn't recognize this e-mail address. No big deal, maybe she didn't know all her family members' e-mail addresses. She opened it, wondering who it could be from. Who would call him or herself (hopefully herself...) Sugarpopl485? The message went as follows.

> <em>Dear Hermione,<br> I found your e-mail address by using magic (yes, I'm underage, but I am not connected in any way with the Ministry, they don't know I exist). I run my own school, online, and use my own spells. Teach my own way. I think you should go to a web site. the URL (address) is <http://fanfiction.net>. Please read the things by Heather Goldbug, that's me.

> ~Heather<br> \_Immediately, Hermione thought \_What a strange girl. I wonder what she wrote?\_ But she did go to the site, and she found Heather Goldbug's works. She read the poems, thinking that they were quite nice, then the short story, which she thought were quite depressing, then something caught her eye. Harry Potter and the cloning machine? \_Hmm...\_she thought, and read it. It was very good, though she had not idea where it had come from, as she and Harry had never done that. Maybe it was about the future...yes, that must be it, Heather Goldbug must be a divinator. Then she saw a story titled \_Harry Visits Hermione's House Part I\_. She looked at it, very curious to see what it might be. She then realized where this Heather Goldbug could be getting all her stuff: through dreams. It said it was actually a dream, however, Hermione was reading a record her

life, from not so very long ago, until this morning. She was horrified. Everything she thought in this point in her life would be published in part II. And, her having a crush on Harry was in part one! She suddenly became aware that Harry and Ron had been reading along with her the whole time. Her eyes grew very wide, and she looked at them, wondering if she could convince them it wasn't true. "I don't have a crush on you!" Hermione shrieked. "Lies! The whole thing! Lies! All of it!\_"\_

> <br> Harry looked at her as if she were crazy, and said, "We have been here too, the past few months. We know this story isn't a lie. It's okay, Hermione...it's okay. Don't freak out."

> <br> "So." Hermione said, in a rather bossy, angry sort of voice. "So. So...so." She repeated several times, as if Harry was supposed to know what that meant. "So..." She said again, then added, "Do you like me?" The last part she said in a very hopeful, but very tiny voice.

> <br> Harry cleared his throat. "I er...uh...need to write a letter." He coughed.

> <br> Ron's face went red. "I need to go home..." He said, in a distant voice. "I uh...erm...still need to do my holiday homework. Hermione stared in horror, realizing she hadn't done hers.

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Harry was lying on his stomach on the carpet, with carpet prints on his aching elbows, trying to figure out what spell you would use to turn a mermaid's hair white. He still had miles to go, before Hermione would let him sleep. She had gotten through most of hers already. But, then again, she was on a comfy bed...

> <br> "Hurry up! It will be dinner time soon!" Hermione said in a very bossy voice. She peeked over at his homework. "You are only on your second page!?"

### 3. Cookies and Dreams

After dinner (Tacos! Yumm...), Hermione seemed to have forgotten about homework, because she didn't say anything about it. She helped her Mum bake cookies and left Harry to do as he pleased. She didn't see Harry again until the cookies were baking, and the smell obviously had reached Harry's nose.

> "Cookies done? They smell good. You must take after your Mum, Hermi." Harry said, smiling. Hermione turned her head away so he wouldn't see her blushing.<br> "Actually, they're coming out in 10 minutes." Mrs. Granger said.

> Harry sighed. Hermione supposed he was wondering if he could tolerate the smell that long. She felt stupid, wearing an apron and big oven mitts. Her hair was in a messy bun, but Harry didn't look like he was noticing anything but the smell of the cookies. Hermione sat down, and took an oven mitt off, daydreaming about Harry. She imagined herself dressed up in a sky blue satin dress with gloves, and Harry in a suit. Oh, he looked so handsome. She twirled her hair around her finger, showing that she was lost in thought. All she could think about was Harry. Harry looked at her and coughed, hiding a laugh. She then realized how silly she must look, with one oven mitt on, in an apron, eyes glazed over, and twirling her hair with her oven mitt-free hand. She giggled.<br> After what seemed like an hour, the cookies finally came out. Hermione was utterly enjoying the

praise from Harry about how good they were. She wondered if he liked her. After they had eaten so many cookies they would be sick if they ate any more, they went to bed, early though it was, at 8:30. Hermione looked up at her boring ceiling, commenting about her plain room.

> "It's so plain, I wish it was interesting. Maybe with real fairies or something." Hermione said, and with that, she looked over at the sleeping Harry and rolled over and went to sleep herself. What she didn't realize though, was that Harry wasn't asleep.<br>

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"Harry," Hermione breathed, "I love you."

> "I love you too, Hermione..." His voice trailed off as he leaned over and kissed her. As they pulled away, Hermione wondered if this was true. She looked into his eyes, and found herself stuck there, not able to stop looking into them. So...green, so wonderful. He pulled her into his arms, and she couldn't think of any better place to be. She was so safe, so happy, in his arms, looking into his beautiful green eyes. He ran his fingers through her hair, and whispered, once more "I love you too..."<br> Hermione turned her face away, letting tears flow, wondering why he had to go back to the Dursleys. Why couldn't he live with her, where they'd be together?

> "Don't cry...don't cry" He said, trying to comfort her. She looked at him kind of sideways, wondering why he knew she was crying. She tucked a stray strand of hair behind her ear. <br> "I love you!" She sobbed, throwing her arms around his neck. She now saw that he was crying too, and she tried to wipe the tears away from his face, but they continued to flow. He didn't want to leave her any more than she wanted him to. She pulled him into another kiss, wondering if she would see him again, or if the dark lord would...she couldn't even finish her thought. "Don't go" She whispered. She was shaking now, but as long as she was in his arms she felt safe.

> "I love you, Hermione" Harry whispered one more time, before releasing her.<br> "NO! HARRY, DON'T LEAVE ME!" Hermione screamed, not wanting Harry to leave.

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Hermione woke up, her pillow wet with tears, realizing it had been a dream. What a romantic dream, though, she wished she would never have woken up. She then realized that Harry wasn't on the floor. Her first thought was g\_ood, he didn't hear me if I actually screamed\_, but that thought disappeared quickly, replaced with \_where is he? I hope he isn't hurt!\_

> She worried about him for a while, but soon her eyes would no longer allow her to worry, and she slipped back into her sleep. She didn't remember any dreams she'd had except the romantic dream about Harry when her alarm sounded. She reached over without opening her eyes and pressed the snooze button. 10 minutes later, she repeated the process, and wondered why she had set her alarm in the first place. Then she went back to sleep for another 10 minutes. The third time, she finally opened her eyes. She screamed. Her eyes roamed the room, wondering if this was another dream.<p>

#### 4. The Party

\*~Harry Visit's Hermione's house, part IV~\*

> <br> Disclaimer: All the characters you recognize are, of course, J. K. Rowling's. Everyone that's not in the books are mine. This goes for all parts of this story.

> <pmg id="1"><pont><br>

"My...my...my..." All she could say was my. She was still saying my when her mother walked in and screamed.

> "Hermione Evelyn Granger! What have you done to your room?!"<br> Now all Hermione could say was I. "I -- I --

I...I...I...aye-yi-yi..."

> "WELL?!" Her mother demanded, looking quite impatient.<br> "Oh! I...I didn't do..." Her voice cracked with surprise, knowing she wasn't lying, but it sounded so untrue. "...anything."

> She wasn't even aware that her mother left, didn't hear the door slam...couldn't take her eyes off her room for that long. Everything from the trees to the chipmunks to the single, beautiful fairy, it was all too much to take in. This was...her room.<br> She was finally interrupted when something dropped on her head. Looking up, she saw an owl, and at first glance, thought the owl was a decoration from her new room...and that it had just laid a bird dropping on her. Then she realized she was a witch, and received letters by owl, and that the thing that had been dropped on her head was indeed a letter, in an envelope from the ministry of magic. Opening it up, she discovered that it told her off for spells being done in a Muggle house. Frankly, her mind was drawing a blank on what on earth it meant, so she went back to staring at her room.

> Her room! It must have been magicked to be decorated this way! After all, how could someone catch a fairy without using magic? But wait, that wouldn't be in her room. However, there was no way in the world palm trees would naturally sprout from her rug, so she decided there must have been <em>some</em> magic involved...inside her room.

> Oh well, I mean its only a warning, right? She, being Hermione, had never gotten a warning before. She would probably never get one again. She wondered if she's done magic in her sleep for a brief moment, then realized that Harry must have done it. But where <em>was</em> Harry? She had to find him. She grabbed some clothes, but realized she was wearing perfectly fine clothes from last night at didn't want to take the time to change, so she didn't.

> Hermione, in a paranoid mood, looked up the Dursley's number and called it.<br> "Harry! Ohmigosh, I miss you!"

> "MOOOOOOM! Someone called and asked for HARRY!"<br> "You're not Harry?"

> "Do I look like Harry?"<br> "Really, I can't see you!"

> "Oh. (What, Mom?) Well, we don't have a Harry at this house, sorry, wrong number."<br> \*click\*

> Hermione was discouraged already, Harry wasn't in her room, and he wasn't at the Dursley's. She walked out of the nearby door, to the back porch. No Harry there. She sat down, deciding to wait until he came back, so she'd see him. After 12 hour, she decided that he would probably come in the front door, and walked inside, to the kitchen door, and was about to turn the handle.

> "Where ya goin'?" Hearing a voice caused Hermione to jump a foot high.<br> "Whadda-ya-think-ya -- OH! HARRY!" She rushed up to him and gave him a hug. "Thank goodness you're alive! I didn't know where you were, and I was going to look for you!" At this, Harry cracked up.



> "Can't a guy get some breakfast without having a search party sent to look for him around here?" At this, Hermione looked down, saw his gorgeous, but nearly gone, breakfast, and inhaled all the air in the room.<br> "HARRY! You can COOK?" Harry was, once again, laughing himself to tears.

> "Did you think Dudley did it?"<br> "The Dursleys made you cook for them? That's incredibly rude!" Harry rolled his eyes.

> "And locking me in <em>spider cupboard<em>...wasn't?" They both laughed at this. Of course he could cook, how could she have thought otherwise? Harry quickly finished his breakfast and jumped up.

> "Harry, where are you going?"<br> "Oh, I'm still hungry." Hermione watched him fry more bacon, cook more pancakes, scramble more eggs, and toast more toast. She watched him pour chocolate milk. Then she watched him put it on the table in front of her, and tell her to eat it. She decided she'd better stop watching, or he might suspect something. So she ate.

> "Thanks!" Hermione said as she jumped up after her meal, obviously not wanting to stick around. She grabbed Harry's hand and dragged him off to...her room. "So...so...you did this, right?" Harry looked at her, not about to say anything. "I take that as yes!" She said happily, bouncing off with his hand in hers once more. Once they stopped, in the kitchen, she uncovered the cookie jar and stuffed 3 cookies in his mouth. She giggled as she watched him try to eat it with only one free hand (she was holding the other one).<br> "Hyper this morning, Herm?" She blushed, then remembered she didn't want him to see her blush, and turned her head away. She was just happy to see him. For the second time that day, an owl came in and dropped something on her head, but this time, she knew what it was. She opened it, then turned the envelope and looked at the name. It said Miss Granger, and since her mother was a Mrs., she assumed it was for her. Before she got to start reading it, the owl tapped her with its beak repeatedly, until she realized there was another letter, exactly like it. She remembered to look at the address before opening it this time, and it said Mr. Potter, so she handed it to Harry. She finally got to read her letter.

> <em> To whom may be invited,<br> Lavender Brown is throwing a couple's party. Please only come if you have a partner. Follow the owl. Please come at 1:00 PM Saturday, keep the owl with you until then. Semiformal dress. Bring a swimsuit and an appetite.\_

> Well, it looked normal enough, but it was Saturday already, and they would have to leave in...it didn't say how long it would take to get there. But the owl looked anxious, so they decided to get ready right away. Hermione transformed Harry's clothes into a decent looking robe, but it was only as good as the magician...which, being Hermione was not bad at all, despite her Muggle heritage and only 4 years in the magical world. She performed a hair charm, and put on a nice dress ("Much easier than finding the spell to get the look I want") and some makeup, and they were out the door. And right back in, as soon as they discovered they didn't have wands or shoes. But soon they were really ready, and left once more. Then Harry ran inside to get his Firebolt, because they had no other way to get there. They put the owl on Hermione's owl leash so that they would look partly normal -- despite Harry being in robes, and Hermione holding a leashed owl. As soon as they were out of...everywhere, where no one would see them, they hopped on the broom and took off flying. It wasn't very long, once they were flying on a Firebolt. They were at Lavender's house in no time, and, looking at her watch, Hermione discovered it was only noon.<br> "So, what are we going to do for an hour?"

> "Oh, I don't know..." Since neither of them knew what to do, they

just started walking. Then they started talking to each other, until they got interrupted.<br> "So you two are a couple huh?" It was Lavender, in her bossy voice. Harry and Hermione looked up in surprise, and calmly asked what she was talking about. Lavender didn't miss a beat. "Well, it said 'for couples'. It said bring a partner."

> "What said?"<br> "Oh honestly, you guys! Why are you here? Do you know?"

> "Um..." Harry thought out loud, "we're at a party, I think."<br> "Right," Hermione added, "only it hasn't started yet." She checked her watch just to make sure that was true. I was, it was only 1:45.

> "And on the invitation, it said to come with a partner. Couple's party, you know." Lavender stated.<br> "Oh, right, guess we are then!" Harry said happily, grinning. Hermione wondered, once again if he liked her. Or...maybe he just like Lavender. Or maybe he just liked parties? It was all too much for her to figure out. She just smiled and nodded enthusiastically. Lavender tried to storm off, but after she went 10 feet, she turned right around and stomped her way back to them. It seemed she couldn't leave Harry.

> "Well, who are you going with, Lavender?" Hermione asked, genuinely interested.<br> "I, uh, you'll see." And that was pretty much all the talking she did for the next fifteen minutes, while listening in on Harry and Hermione.

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> Peace, parentheses, and popcorn,<br> ~Heather~

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## 5. Confession

> AN: In the last chapter, I said it was 1:45 where I really meant 12:45. Sorry about the confusion that occurred from leaving out the 2. Also, sorry about the long delay.

> <br> Lavender shook her curls. "And to think, I was supposed to go with Harry. Now I just have to use the excuse that being the host, I don't need a partner."

> "Oh, I know, right? The nerve of that girl!" Cho said. Harry and Hermione were nowhere to be seen, however. They'd wandered off somewhere.<br> "Harry, who do you think is the cutest girl in Hogwarts?"

> "Gee, Hermi, I never thought about it. I don't know. Why do girls always ask questions like that?"<br> "I guess because we want to make sure it's us."

> "Oh, right then. That would make sense...women..."<br> "Women? I'm not a woman. I'm a girl, a teenage girl, see? Like, I haven't even been kissed yet. I'm no woman."

> "Yeah, actually you are." Harry chuckled. He liked to tease her just a little bit. Hermione shook her head vigorously.<br> "NOT!"

> "Whatever...woman." Hermione gave him a why-did-you-do-that look and giggled. Harry leaned in close and kissed her lightly. She felt amazing, it was truly a beautiful feeling.<br> "So there, now you're a woman." Hermione didn't want to talk, she pulled him closer to her and kissed back, she couldn't let this moment pass away.

> "Hey Herm, whutz up?" Hermione jumped and screamed in astonishment. She was about to choke Ron for interrupting her little romantic moment, but then she remembered she was supposed to be his

friend.<br> "Uh, hi. Ron. Um, I'm just here. Nothing." Just then, an owl landed on her shoulder and held out his leg, with another Ministry of Magic letter. Hermione groaned. What had she done this time?

> <em>Miss Granger, <br> You seem to have performed several spells in a muggle home. You are underage. Please keep in mind that you may be expelled from Hogwarts if you continue in this manner.

> Ministry of Magic<em>

> Hermione gasped. The hair, Harry's robes, what was she going to do? What if she forgot again? She could be expelled! Suddenly a memory of another Ministry letter struck her head. It had said nothing about being underage. How could it have been Harry that performed the spells to transform her room into a forest?<br> "Harry, who did that to my room?" Harry didn't move from the spot he was in, he didn't even blink his glazed over eyes. In fact, he didn't even act as if he'd heard her. "HARRY!" She shouted to see if it would grab his attention.

> "Huh?" He said dazedly, and finally blinked. Hermione rolled her eyes at him. How could he be so out of it? She decided to forget about her room for now, since she was hungry and there was bound to be food at the party she came here for, if she ever found it.<br> "I'm hungry." Harry nodded and followed her obediently to wherever she might lead him. They eventually found their way back to the party, and to the food table. Hermione thought to herself that if there was any reason, besides kissing Harry, that she came to this party, it would have to be for this elegant food. She picked up some angel food cake and nibbled a corner. Then she picked up another piece and handed it to Harry.

> "Ooh, having some early wedding cake?" Lavender nudged her way in between Harry and Hermione. "Oh wait, of course not, Hermione will never have a wedding, right, Harry? I mean, why haven't you proposed to me yet? Everyone knows you love me, Harry. Are you leading this girl on or something, not telling her we're going out?" Hermione looked shocked for a minute, then looked at Harry's surprised face, interpreted it as a "Ohmygosh she told you" look, and ran off to who knows where, somewhere she hoped that nobody would find her at.<br> "Want to dance, Harry?" Harry looked around to see if Hermione was anywhere, not realizing Lavender had grabbed his hands and started dancing with him. Before he knew it he was learning all kinds of dances. He started to forget about Hermione and concentrate on dancing. About twenty minutes later, though, he was thirsty and decided to go get some punch. He reached for a cup and carefully ladeled it onto the table as he looked up and saw Hermione's eyes.

> "Hermione!" He stammered, dropping his cup.<br> "Harry, you just like, totally ruined the table cloth. You, uh, missed your cup." Harry looked down and saw that she was right, that he had, in fact, stained the tablecloth the color of the punch.

> "Oh, uh, oops?" Hermione rolled her eyes and tried to hide her giggles, but failed. Harry was just so silly, she couldn't help thinking it was funny.<br> "Harry. We need to talk." Hermione said seriously. Harry followed her to some random private place and sat down. "Harry. Really. Do you like me? Do you love me? You can't go acting like this if you don't!" Harry wrung (is that a word?) his hands.

> "Hermy, I..." Hermione stared anticipatngly and nodded eagerly to encourage him to keep going. "Herm...I..." He looked up as if to ask the sky for help. "Sometimes I run, sometimes I hide, sometimes I'm scared of you, but all I really want is to hold you tight, treat you right, be with you day and night...baby all I need is time."<br> "Oh

gosh..." Hermione smacked her own forehead. What a poetic way to put it. "Gee, I wonder where you got that creative way of saying it?" She said sarcastically.  
> "Made it up."<br> "Mm-hmm."  
> <br>

\*\*\*Heather\*\*\*

## 6. The End

Harry Visit's Hermione's House Chapter 6

> <br>  
> Author's note: What happens to author Heather Goldbug when her head is stuffed up and she reads 15 blooper fics in one morning, without talking to her friend to get some sanity back in her? She moos and oinks at her unresponding (wonder why) friend and tries to put her cereal in the fridge, then writes chapter 6 of her psycho fic!<br>  
> Harry st down indian-style on the grass, being flabbergasted at what he'd just said. Hermione leaned over and kissed Harry on the tip of his nose, then pulled back so she could look at his enchanting eyes while bursting into fits of giggles. She'd heard of boys losing their heads and quoting shakespear at their loves, but...Britney Spears? Oh well. It was out, it was said, and Harry liked her. Hermoine walked behind Harry and...<br>  
> "BOO!"<br>  
> "BLEAGH!! What the -- ?"<br>  
> Hermione giggled and though of Britney Spears. <em>Sometimes I'm scared of you<em>. \_You know, sometimes I'm scared of myself\_, she thought. Harry flipped her easily over his head and into his lap with his strong arms.  
> <br> Hermione turned to face him, put her arms around her nack, and --  
> <br> "HARRY! I'VE GOT IT!"  
> <br> Hermione fell over backwards.  
> <br> "You've got...what?"  
> <br> "The last CHOCOLATE FROGS CARD! I have them all! Yippee! Yay! Wahhoo!" Ron continued to whoop and dance while Hermione pulled her dress straight and stared at the sky. That cloud looked like a heart, didn't it? Oh, that one looks like lips. That's a lightning bolt, and that's a swan. That's a...  
> <br> Hermione was jerked out of cloudland by Harry's wonderful, stunningly perfect, smooth, soft...[Okay, I'll stop] hand. His eyes gazing sweetly upon her, he lifted her to her feet and pulled her into a warm embrace.  
> <br> "It feels so good to have admitted I like you."  
> <br> "It feels good to me, too." Said Hermione, her hand instictively twirling her hair.  
> <br> And Hermione and Harry held hand and frolicked through Lavender's acre's of land, singing merrily as they went, to live...  
> <br>

Happily

> Ever<br> After  
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P.S. Sirius did her room  
> <br> **Please review
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End  
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